

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4211

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Tatum replied, “Both young masters wake up early, especially Angelo—he’s always up before Alonzo. It’s tough for him to get out of bed so early on such a cold day.”

Sometimes, he just wanted to stay wrapped up in his warm blankets, reluctant to get up.

Annenburg remained freezing even after the New Year, while Wiltspoon’s daytime temperatures reached the mid-70s, dropping to the low 50s at night.

Two provinces, two completely different climates.

Wiltspoon’s weather was a dream compared to the bitter cold here.

Elora smiled. “Angelo’s afraid of being late. Do you really think he’d skip breakfast? Don’t bother holding out on him—he’s a little foodie.”

There was always plenty of food for the little ones in the house.

In fact, anything good was saved for them.

And they had quite the appetite.

Alonzo was a bit picky, but Angelo wasn’t fazed by anything. If there were no vegetables, he’d happily eat two bowls of white rice with just soy sauce.

Luckily, both boys were active, constantly running around. They ate a lot but never gained too much weight.

If they ever did, Elora would step in and cut back their portions—better not to let kids get too chubby.

Tatum chuckled. “I know he loves eating here, so I always make sure there’s a portion for him. He’s not picky at all—makes my job easy when it comes to breakfast.”

Still, he made sure both boys got the same meal to avoid any favoritism.

Tatum had a knack for turning simple breakfasts into fun, eye-catching designs.

Kids loved anything shaped like cartoons or animals, and the two little brothers were no exception.

Just then, a voice called out.

“Big sister! Big sister!”

Tinsley’s voice rang through the house.

A moment later, she walked in.

“Tinsley, shouldn’t you be at work already?”

Elora had slept in today after having one too many drinks at a social event the night before.

Still, “late” for her was only eight in the morning.

Normally, she’d already be at the company by now.

And so should Tinsley.

“I saw Timothy hanging around the villa entrance and got irritated, so I turned back,” Tinsley muttered.

She plopped down at the dining table and turned to Tatum. “Do you have any pastries today? Bring me some. I need something sweet to cheer me up.”

She had already eaten breakfast.

But on her way out, she spotted Timothy standing outside the villa gates.

As usual, he was being overly flashy—surrounded by bodyguards, multiple luxury cars parked behind him, and a massive bouquet of red roses in hand.

He was putting on a show.

Chasing after her.

Tinsley was seriously tempted to have someone throw a sack over Timothy tonight, give him a good beating, and make sure he was stuck in bed for a few days.

Maybe then he'd finally leave her alone.

She ignored his messages.

Declined his calls.

And yet, Timothy still wouldn't give up.

His so-called love was nothing but a smokescreen for his true ambitions.

Tatum chuckled. "Of course, Miss. Give me a second."

He disappeared into the kitchen and returned moments later with a plate of pastries.

These were meant for the two young masters, but they hadn't finished them all.

Tinsley immediately noticed the treats were shaped like little animals—clearly made for the boys.

She didn't mind. Anything Tatum made was delicious, no matter how it looked.

Taking a bite, she praised him. "Tatum, your pastry skills have really improved. I remember when you first started here, you said baking wasn't your strong suit. It was decent back then, but compared to now? These are on a whole different level."